

THE
SCORNEFVLL
LADIE.

A Comedie.

As it was now lately Acted (with great
applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants,
at the *Blacke-Fryers.*

Written

By FRAN: BEAUMONT, and IO: FLETCHER,
Gentlemen.

The third Edition.



LONDON.

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Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street.

1630.

THE
SCORNEFUL
The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Young LOVELESSE, *a Prod: gall.*

SAVILL, *Steward to the eldest LOVELESSE.*

LADY, and { *two Sisters.*

MARTHA, }

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*

WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*

A { CAPTAIN,
TRAVALLER, } *hangers on to Young*
POET, } *LOVELESSE.*
TOBACCO-MAN, }

Wenches.

Fiddlers.

MORCRAFT, *an Usurer.*

A rich Widdow.

Attendants.

THE SCORNFVLL LADY,
A COMEDY.

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, I.

*Enter the two Lousifiers, Samil the Steward,
and a Page.*

Elder Loue :

B Rother is your last hope past to mollifie *Moorecrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

Young Loue : Hopelesly past : I haue presented the Vsurer with a richer draught then euer *Cleopatra* swallowed ; hee hath suckt in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I haue as hard a taske to performe in this house.

Young Lo. Faith mine was to make an Vsurer honest, or to loose my Land.

El. Lo : And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leaue the Land.

Ye. Lo. Make thy boare stay, I feare I shall begin my vnfortunate iourney this night, though the darknesse of the night and the roughnes of the waters might easily dissuade an vnwilling man.

Samil. Sir your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marrie, and propagate and governe in your Countrey, then to trauell and die without issue.

El. Lou. *Samil,* you shall gaine the opinion of a better

The Scornefull Lady.

seruant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, how soeuer my intents succeed.

To. Lo. Yonders Mistres Tonglone brother, the graue rubber of your Mistres toes.

Enter Mistres Tonglone the waiting Woman.

El. Lo. Mistres Tonglone.

Tong. Master Louelesse, truly wee thought your sailes had beene hoist : my Mistres is pertwaded you are Sea sicke ere this.

El. Lo. Loues shee her ill taken vp resolution so dearely ? Didst thou moue her from me ?

Tong. By this light that shines, theres no romouing her, if shee get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What criticall minute was that ?

Tong. When her smocke was ouer her eares : but she was no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliuer my seruice, and say, I desire to see the decre cause of my banishment ; and then for *France*,

Tong. He doe't : harken hither, is that your brother.

El. Lo. Yes, haue you lost your memory ?

Tong. As I liue hee's a pretty fellow.

Exit.

To. Lo. O this is a sweete *Braske*.

El. Lo. Why she knowes not you.

To. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her : to this day she loues youth of eightene ; she heard a tale how *Cupid* strooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he neuer saw her ; yet she in kindnesse would needs weare a willow galand at his wedding. She lou'd all the Players in the last Queenes time once ouer : She was strooke when they acted louers, and forsooke some when they plaid murders. She has nine *Spurrayls*, and the seruants say shee hords old gold ; and she herselfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest sonne, or her Mistres husbands Clarke shall bee, that marries her, shall make her a ioynture of fourescore pounds a yeere ; she telles tales of the seruing-men.

El. Lo. Bnough, I know her brother, I shall intreate you onely to salute my Mistres, and take leaue, wee'l part at the staires.

Enter

The Scornefull Lady.

Enter Lady and waiting woman.

La. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed :
whats the rest ?

El. Lo. First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my
brother.

La. I shall take it as a fauour done to me, though the gen-
tleman hath receiued but an vntimely grace from you, yet
my charitable disposition would haue beene ready to haue
done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold
commendations.

To. Lo. Lady, my salutation is craue acquaintance and leaue
at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occa-
sions.

Ex To. Lo. Saull.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer
againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe
can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this ; Seruant.

El. Lo. Mistres.

La. What thinke you if I haue a chimney soot out here ?

El. Lo. Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed
to select all your actions iustly, would apprehend himselfe
wrong'd : But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. Tongloue, make a good fire aboue to warme mee after
my seruants *Exordium*.

Eld. Lo. I haue heard and seen your assability to be such,
that the seruants you giue wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true ; but they speake toth purpose.

El. Lo. Mistres your will leads my speeches from the pur-
pose. But as a man

La. A Simile seruant ? This roome was buik for honest
meaners, that deliuer themselves hastily and plainly, and are
gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes* and
Metaphors ? If you haue ought to say, breake in too'te my
answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispatch, the next.

El. Lo. To take leaue of you.

La. To begon ?

El. Lo. Yes.

La. You

The Scornefull Lady.

La. You need not haue despair'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leaue to performe my command; is there a third.

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

La. I? neuer apter. Fast (good Seruant) fast.

El. Lo. Twas to intreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiuenesse.

La. You would stay at home?

Eld. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistres, a woman, a weake one, wildly ouerborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Doners* dreadfull cliffe, passing in a poore waterhouse; the dangers of the mercilesse channell twixt that and *Calis*, fise long houres sayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, vnable to enquire for an English hoast, to remooue from Citie to Citie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother tongue.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistres, to bee in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your returne, and haue tales made on you by the Chamber maids.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

Eld. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seeke out dangers, mooue me not with toys: but in this banishment, I must take leaue to say, you are vmpst: was one kisse forc't from you in publike by mee so vopardonable? Why all the houres of day and night haue seene vs kisse.

La. Tis

The Scornefull Lady.

Lady. Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide,

Eld. Lo. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

Lady. And so you told vm.

Elder Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue stain'd your cheeke: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most vnspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

Lady. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

Elder Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs. knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should giue away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much loue vpon mee, from her that choose mee for her Husband?

Lady. Beleeue me; if my wedding smocke were on,
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hypochrist and Cakes eate and drunke off,
Were these two armes incompass with the hands
Of Bachelers to leade me to the Church,
Were my feete in the doore, were I *Iohn*, said,
If *Iohn* should boast a fauour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you haue spent this yeere commodiously,
In atchieuing Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now
If you dare goe!

Elder Lo. I dare you know: First let me kisse.

Lady. Farewell sweet Seruant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning Tutor,
I shall bee apt to heare you.

Elder Lo. Farewell cruell Mistresse. *Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Louelesse and Sautt.

B

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

Young Lo : Brother youle hazard the loosing your ride to *Gravefend :* you have a long halfe mile by Land to *Grenewich?*

Elder Lo : I goe : but Brother, what yet vaeheard of course to live, doth your imagination flatter you with ? Your ordinary meanes are deuour'd ?

Young Lo : Course, why horse-courting I thinke. Consume no time in this : I haue no estate to be mended by meditation : hee that busies himselfe about my fortunes may properly be said to busie himselfe about nothing.

Elder Lo : Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolute and open ; If you will shape none, I must informe you that, that man but perswades himselfe hee meanes to live, that imagines not the meanes.

Young Lo : Why live vpon others, as others haue liued vpon mee :

Elder Lo : I apprehend not that : you haue sed others, and consequently dispos'd of v^m : and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will bee too heavy an alteration for you to beare.

Young Lo : Why Ile purse ; if that raise mee not. Ile bet at bowling alleyes, or man Whores ; I would faine live by others : but Ile live whilst I am vnhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Lene. I see you are ty'd to no particuler imploiment then ?

Young Lo : Faith I may choose my course : they say nature brings forth none but shee prouides for them : Ile trye her liberalitie.

Elder Lo : Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dangerous paths. I haue resolued you shall live as Master of my House. It shall bee your care *Sanib* to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Loue : If it bee referd to him, if I be not found in Carnation iearsie stockings, blew diuels breeches, with the guards downe, and my pocket ith sleeves, Ile nere looke you i'th face againe.

Sa : A comelier wearc I wusse it is then those dangling slops..

Elder Lo :

The Scornefull Lady.

El: Lo: To keepe you readie to doe him all service pleasantly, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these further directions in writing, which at your best leasure together, open and reade.

Enter Youngloue to them with a Jewell.

Abig.; Sir, my Mistresse commends her loue to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeares trauaile bee performed: which once expired, she will hastily expect your happie returne.

El: Lo: Returne my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a sodainly ouer-joyed man would willingly vter, and you I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond; that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget mee; you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remember and speake of mee: She will heare thee better then those allied by birth to her; as wee see many men much swayed by the groomes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abi. A my credit I sweare, I thinke it was made for mee: Feare no other Sutors.

Elder Loue: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning you know how to take exception at their shifts at washing, or to make the maides sweare they found p.alters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and doe not you feare the Sutors.

Elder Lo: Farewell, be mindfull, and be happie; the night calls me.

Exeunt omnes preter Youngloue.

Abi. The Gods of the Winds befriend you Sir, a constant and a liberall Louer thou art, more such God send vs.

Enter Welsford.

Wel. Let vsm not stand still, we haue rid?

Abi: A sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seene,

Wel: A prettie Hall this, No Seruant in't? I would looke freshly,

The Scornefull Lady.

Abig. You haue deliuered your arrand to me then : there's no danger in a handsome young fellow : He shew my selfe.

Wel. Lady may it please you to bestow vpon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation : Are you the Lady of this house ?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Seruant of hers.

Wel. Lady I should bee as proud to be a Seruant of yours; did not my so late acquaintance make mee dispaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieue, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable wordes, I remaine your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home.

Abig. She is no stranger Sir :

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speake with her ?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will bee moued to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to bee bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aime at her body, you will be deluded : other women of the households of good carriage and gouernement; vpon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps bee found as faithfull and not so coy.

Exit Younglout.

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right Court fashion : Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman haue infused any of her tenderness into her Ladie, there is hope shee will bee plyant. But who's here ?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Roger. God saue you Sir. My Lady lets you know shee desires to bee acquainted with your name, before shee conferre with you ?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

Roger. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. I-le trye his wit.

Wel. I will vphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares Sir.

Roger. I

The Scurfoll Lady.

Roger. I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Byshprieke of *Darham*. Call you him Cousen?

Wel. I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianitie with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Crosse? there's a teller?

Roger. I meane the name which your Godfathers and God-mothers gaue you at the Font.

Wel. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you haue told mee who gaue mee that name. Shall I beg your name?

Ro: Roger.

Wel. What roomes fill you in this house?

Roger. More roomes then one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldnesse know, why your Ladie hath sent you to discipher my name?

Roger. Her owne words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Sutor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *I balams: Hymens*, and shee are at variance. I shall returne with much hast.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: certainly I am afflicted amongst a Nation of new found fooles: on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreseene it, I would haue laded my beeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasse, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I should haue betrayed my selfe to a needlesse charge then: heres the walking night-cup againe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come vp for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

The Scornefull Lady.

Reg. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending of all vnder this rooffe, from my Lady on her downe bed, to the maide in the Peafe. draw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Reg. No Sir, I inculcate Diuine Service within these Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this house doe often employ you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

Reg. Yes, I doe take the ayre many mornings on foot, three or foure miles for egges: but why moue you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horie a little to attend on me.

Reg. Most properly Sir.

Wel. I pray you doe so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Reg. I doe Sir?

Wel. And this doore I hope condukt to your Lady?

Reg. Your vnderstanding is ingenuous. *Ex. generally*

Enter young Lonelesse and Saul, with a

writing.

Sa. By your fauour Sir, you shall pardon me?

To. Lo: I shall beare your fauour Sir, crolle mee no more; I say they shall come in.

Saul: Sir, you forget one, who I am?

To. Lo: Sir, I doe not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his cast off mill-money, his Kitchen Archmericke.

Sa: Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

To. Lo: I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeede there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa: Nay then you stirre my dury, and I must tell you?

To. Lo: What wouldst thou tell me, how Hoppes grow, or hold some rotten discourse of Sheepe; or when our Lady day falls? Prethac farewell, and entertaine my friends, Bee drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare sparke of valuer thou and I

Sa: Good Sir remember?

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

Ye: Lo: I doe remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanekes, and Horse-faires, and rose by hony and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa: Nay then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behind him.

Young Lo: P. ethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to keepe my house three hundred pounds a yeare; and my Brother to dispose of it.

Young Lo: Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it?

Saul. Whilst hee beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young Sir, marke that.

Young Lo: Nay, if it bee no more I shall foisfible whilst my legges will carrie mee ile beare my selfe Gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward to my Steward,

Saul. Next it is my will, that hee bee furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance; apparell, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo: Steward this is as plaine as your old minikin breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Bee mollified or—— you vnderstand me Sir, proceed?

Saul: Next, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lo: Ile heare no more this *Apocrypha*, bind it by it selfe Steward.

Saul. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw vnto you. Captaines of Gallyfoists, such as in a cleare day haue scene *Calles*, fellowes that haue no more of God, then their Oathes comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Marchants, that set vp with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lo: I will eyther conuert thee (O thou Pagan Steward)

The Scornefull Lady.

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings. who's there? call in the Gentlemen.

Sauil. Good Sir.

To. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sauil. Are you my masters Brother?

To. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephimerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captaine, Trancher.

Sauil. Then God helpe all I say.

To. Lo. I, and tis well said my old peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine owne deere Lads y^e are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Cap. Sir I will take your loue.

Sauil. Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Sauil. I doe belecue you.

Tranch. Your honourable friend and masters Brother, hath giuen you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

Sauil. Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be caru'd out. Sir are these the peeces?

To. Lo. They are the Morralls of the age, the vertues, Men made of gold.

Sauil. Of your gold you meane Sir.

To. Lo. This is a man of warre, and cryes go on, and weares his colours.

Sauil. In's nose.

Yong Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Trauailer Sir, knowes men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so farre till both the Poles haue knockt, has scene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I haue seene more Sir.

Sa. Tis euen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a liuing Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of, has a notable gift in't,

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

Young Lo: This ministers the smoake, and this the Muske.
Sanil. And you the clothes and meate, and mony, you have
a goodly generation of vm, pray let them multiply, your Bro-
thers house is big enough, and to say truth, h'as, too much
Land, hang it durt.

Young Lo: Why now thou art a lousing Stinkard. Fire off
thy Annotations and thy Rent Bookes, thou hast a weake
braine *Sanil.* and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad.
Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred
pounds a yeare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Lou-esse.*

Poet. A serious look shall bee a Iury to excommunicate
any man from our company.

Trauel. We will not talke wisely neyther?

Young Lo: What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Reue-
ne v in drinke?

Capt. I am all for drinke.

Trauel: I am drye till it be so.

Poet: He that will not cry Amen to this, let him liue so-
ber, seeme wise, and dye ath *Corum.*

Young Lo: It shall bee so, we'll haue it all in drinke, let meat
and lodging goe, th'are transitory, and shew men meereley mor-
tall: then we'll haue wenches, every one his weach, and every
weeke a fresh one: we'll keepe no powdred fish: all these we
haue by warrant, vnder the title of things necessarie. Heere,
vpon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and
all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen

Capt: Tis plaine and euident, that he meant wenches.

Sanil. Good Sir, let me expound it?

Capt: Here bee as sound men, as your selfe Sir.

Poet: This doe I hold to bee the interpretation of it?
In this word Necessarie, is concluded all that bee helpes
to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the
chiefest.

Young Lo: Belceue me tis a learned one and by these words,
The obedience of my people, (you Steward being one) are
bound to fetch vs wenches.

Capt: He is, he is.

Young Lo: Steward, attend vs for instructions?

The Scornefull Lady.

Sauil. But will you keepe no house Sir?

Young Lo. Nothing but drinke Sir, three hundred pounds in drinke.

Sauil. O miserable house, and miserable I that liue to see it. Good Sir keepe some meate.

Young Lone. Get vs good Whores, and for your part, Ile board you in an Alehouse, you shall haue Cheefe and Onions.

Sau. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking? Well Prodigall, your brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads Ile warrant you for wenches, three, hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes*

ACTVS, 2. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Lady, her syster Martha, Welford,
Tounglous, and others.*

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging. I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, tis in want of you?

Lady. A litle sleepe will ease that complement. Once more good night?

Wel. Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Deare Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow proue better to mee, shall I hope my sute happyer by this nights rest.

Lady. Is your sute so sickly that rest will helpe it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you came, your passage had bene straighter. Sir, good night.

Welford. So faire, and cruell deare vnkinde good-night

Exit Lady.

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so farre.

Roger O Lord Sir.

Wel. Doe you loue Tobacco?

Roger,

The Scornefull Lady.

Roger Surely I loue it, but it loues not me; yet with your reuerence Ile bee bold.

Wel: Pray light it Sir. How doe you like it?

Roger I promise you it is notable stinging gaere indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Rheume?

Wel: Handle it againe Sir, you haue a warme text of it.

Rog: Thankes euer promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it mooues in sundry places.

Wel: I, it does so Sir, and me especially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Roger Assuredly I will speake the truth vnto you: you shall vnderstand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel: The Butler? certainly hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of you graue Caslocke? The offence Sir?

Roger Reproouing him at Tra-trip Si, for swearing; you haue the totall surely.

Wel: You told him when his rage was set a tilt, and so hee craft your Cannons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Roger. Haue patience Sir vntill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceased, that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken: to sleepe to dye, to dye to sleepe a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Roger Not till the man be in his bed, his graue: his graue, his bed: the very same againe Sir. Our Comicke Poet giues the reason sweetly; *Plexus timarum est*, hee is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me vnderstand you.

*Enter Martha the Ladies Sister, and Young Ioue,
to them with a Peffer.*

Rog. Sir bee adrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plentie. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe?

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Port?

The Scornefull Lady.

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel: Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

Mar: Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abigail. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Ladie, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel: I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this soule familiar chews the Cudde: From thee, and threec and fiftie, good Loue deliuer me.

Mart: Will you sit downe sir, and take a spoone?

Wel: I take it kindly Lady.

Martha: It is our best banquet Sir?

Roger: Shall we giue thanks?

Wel: I haue to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

Mar: Good fir Roger, keepe that breath to coole your part o'th posset, you may chance haue a scalding z:ale else: and you will needs bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well Ladie.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eate you: but banish that imagination; shee's onely wedded to her selfe. lyes with her selfe, and loues her selfe; and for another husband then herselfe, hee may knocke at the gate, but nere come in: bee wise fir, shee's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the lest of which is, shee cannot loue you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least greeke Mistresse *Martha:*

Wel: Now I must ouer-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all withall my heart; I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abig: Sir, will you put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

Mar: Well said old sayings.

Welford; shee looks like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweet selfe has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig: Sir, I begin a frolicke, dare you change fir?

Wel: My selfe for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my stomacke: This is right the old Embleame of the Moyle cropping

The Scornefull Lady.

cropping off Thistles : Lord what a hunting head shee carries, sure she has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now loue deliuer mee.

Rog: Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off? is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in *Heroicall Epistles*? Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke wth labour and expence the recollection of those thousand Perces, consum'd in Cellors, and Tobacco shops of that our honour'd *Englishman Ni: Br?* Have I done this, and am I done thus too? I will end with the Wise-man, and say, hee that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mart: Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnmanly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command Sir?

Wel: Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you desire too.

Exeunt.

Abig: It should be some such good thing like your selfe then.

Wel: Heaven keepe me from that curse, and all my Issue. Good night Antiquitie.

Rog: *Solamen Miseris sociis habuisse Dolaris:* but I alone.

Wel: Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master *Roger*.

Rog: Good Sir, peace be with you.

Exit Roger.

Wel: Adue deare *Domine*. Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdom would make a man forswear confession: for who that had but halfe his wits about him, would commit the counsell of a serious sinne to such a cruell night-cap?

Why how now shall we haue an Antique? *Enter servant.* Whole head doe you carry upon your shoulders, that you iole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or haue you seene the Selloe? Where are my slippers sir?

Sir: Here sir.

Wel: Where sir? haue you got the pot verdugo? haue you seene the Horses Sir?

Sir: Yes Sir.

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel. Haue they any meate?

Ser. Faith Sir, they haue akind of wholesome Rushes, Hay
I cannot call it.

Wel. And no prouender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith Sir, heere are no oates to be got, vnlesse youle
haue vni porredge: the people are so mainly giuen to
spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentle-
womans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparant Sir, you may see through
them, and such a house?

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your discoverie.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kirchin and the
Dayrie make one tribe, and haue their faction and their for-
nication within themselves; the Buttry and the Landry are a
nother, and there's no lous lost; the chambers are intire, and
whats done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge:
but this I am sure, betwene these copulations, a stranger is
kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your pati-
ence will giue mee leaue. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip,
of which three spoonfulls is the Calenture, a pint breeds
the cold Palfie.

Wel. Sir, you bely the house:

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if twere but
one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoofe would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir, for if it had proued stronger, you
had beene tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the
candle Sir, I heare no more.

Exeunt.

Enter Young Loucresse and his Comrades, with wen-

ches, and two Fiddlers.

To Lo: Come my brauer man of warre, trace out thy darling,
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaues.
My Moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets *Ent. with wine.*
Strike vp you merry varlers, and leane your peeping,

This

The Scornefull Lady.

This is no pay for Fiddlers?

Capt. O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy *Captaine*.

Makes thee his *Hilt*, his delight, his soldier.
Loue thy braue man of warre, and let thy bounty.
Clap him in *Shamoin*: Let there be deducted out of our maine
Five Markes in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation
Cramp't with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

To, Lo: Thou shalt haue boy, and fly in feather,
Leade on a March you Michers.

Enter Saul.

Saul. O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is
here: would I had beene cold ith mouth before this day, and
nere haue liu'd to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a
mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noyse
of an iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drinke ith Seller, in which
goodly vessels lye wra't, and in the middle of this deluge ap-
peares the tops of flagons and blacke iackes, like Churches
drown'd ith marshes.

To, Lo: What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* Wel-
come to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court
her in a dance.

Sau. Good Sir consider?

To, Lo: Shall we consider Gentlemen. How say you?

Capt. Consider? that were a simple toy ifaith, consider?
whose morals that? The man that cryes consider is our foe:
let my Steele know him.

Young Lo: Stay thy dead doing hand, he must nor die yet:
prethee be calme my *Hellor*?

Capt. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grndgings,
lue and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else.
The next consider kills thee.

Trau: Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon
of Sacke?

Poet Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe
it kneeling in repentance.

Saul Nay rather kill me, theres but a lay man lost. Good
Captaine doe your office?

Young Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my
Steward, Strike him a horne-pipe squeakers, take thy striver,
and

The Scornefull Lady.

and pace her till she ſlew.

Sauil, Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let mee goe?

C. p. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo: Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and bee drunke and daunce, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeate.

P. es And three quarters?

Young Lo. And three quarters bee it.

Capt. Who knockes there? let him in.

Enter Elder Louelasse disguised.

Sauil Some to deliuer mee I hope,

Elder Lo: Gentlemen, God saue you all, my businesse is to one Master Louelasse?

Capt: This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inuentorie, he's a right one;

Elder Lo: He promises no lesse Sir.

Young Lo: Sir, your businelle?

El: Lo: Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

Young Lo: Out with it a Gods name?

Elder Long: All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not mou'd more,

Young Lo: Then a pottle of sacke will doe, her's my hand, prethee thy businasse?

Elder Lo: Good Sir excuse me, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke muſt haue beene knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discret, and beare it nobly.

Young Lo: Prethee dispatch me?

Elder Lo: Your Brothers dead Sir?

Young Lo: Thou dost not meane dead drunke?

Elder Lo: No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

Young Lo: Art sure he's dead?

Elder Lo: Too sure Sir?

Young Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

Elder Lo. As sure Sir, as I tell it.

Young Lo. But art thou sure he came not vp againe?

Elder Lo.

The Staruefull Lady.

Elder Lo: He may come vp, but nere to call you Brother.

Young Lo: But are sure he had water enough to drowne him?

Elder Lo: Sure Sir, he wanted none.

Young Lo: I would not haue him want, I lou'd him better; heere I forgive thee: and I saith bee plaine, how doe I beare it?

Elder Lo: Very wisely Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me moored, these transitorie toyas nere trouble me, hee's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would haue cryed now, and haue curs'd thee, and saide out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpes not, hee was too good for vs. and let God keepe him: there's the right vse on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spise of Sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Sauil*, your Masters dead, and whom I now *Sauil*? Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe *Sauil* wipe, teares are but throwne away: wee shall haue wenches now shall we not *Sauil*?

Sauil. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. And drinke innumerable.

Sauils. Yes forsooth.

Young Lo. And youle straine eurle and be drunke a little.

Sauil. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

Sauil. In time the sturr? Oake Sir?

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

Elder Lo. I shall be drunke anon for my good newes; but I haue a louing Brother, thats my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the work I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feede Fladdocks, I should be still the same you see me now, a Poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

Elder Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, tis your turne next to sinke, you shall ducke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more; pray let me haue your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord Sir, tis your neede for more wine, giue him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shak

The Scornefull Lady.

bee my chiefe mourner.

Capt : And this my pennon : Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

Elder Lo : I feele a buzzing in my braines. pray God they beare this out, and ile nere trouble them so far againe. Heere's to you Sir ?

Young Lo : To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you infidell, you Pagan ; be drunke and penitent.

Sauil : Forgiue me Sir, and ile be any thing ?

Young Lo : Then be a Band, ile haue thee a braue Band.

Elder Lo : Sir, I must take my leaue of you my busincsse is so vrgent.

Young Lo : Lets haue a bridling taft before you go. Fils a new Rouspe.

Elder Lo : I dare not Sir, by no means.

Young Lo : Haue you any mind to a wench ? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

Elder Lo. As little as to the rother.

Young Lo. If you find any stirring doe but say so,

Elder Lo : Sir, you are too bounteous, when I feele that itching. you shall assuage it Sir, before another : this onely and farewell Sir. Your brother when the storme was most extream, told all about him, hee left a will which lies close behind a Chimney in the matted Chamber : and so as well Sir, as you haue made me able, I take my leaue.

Young Lo : Let vs imbrace him all : if you grow drie before you end your busincsse, pray take a baite here. I haue a fresh hogthead for you.

Sauil : You shall neither will nor chuse Sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his man.

Elder Lo. Would you were your owne fir, as I left you. Well I must cast about, or all sinke.

Sauil : Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Elder Lo : What would you with me sir ?

Sauil. Farewell Gentleman.

Elder Lo : O sleepe Sir, sleepe.

Exit Elder Lo :

To. Lo : Well boyes, you see what a faine, lets in and drinke, and giue thanks for it,

Capt :

The Scornefull Lady.

Cap. Let's giue thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunke as I liue.

Sau. Drunke as I liue boyes.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast vp a reckoning of some waight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boyes: off with your husks, Ile skin you all in Sattin.

Cape. O sweet Loueliffe!

Sauil. All in Sattin? O sweet Loueliffe.

Young Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed weto the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Vsurer, and Widdow.

Mores: And Widdow as I say be your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet dusk, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Verlers, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eate through your baggage: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, & neuer singe your purse strings: they are Colts, wench Colts, heddy and dangerous, till wee take vm vp, and make vm fit for Bonds: looke vpon mee, I haue had, and haue yet matter of moment gyrl. matter of moment; you may meete with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither Sir?

Mo: Yet thus farre by your fauour Widdow, tis tuffe.

Wi: And therefore not for my dyet, for I looe a tender one.

Mo: Sweet Widdow leaue your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no perperitiues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe. ties; and where your Husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, drag'd with meale and powdered sugar, sauanders, and graines, worme feed and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the foemen man-gie; I, in a yeare haue put vp hundreds inclos'd, my Widdow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit mortgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lous chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beate his Hostesse: nay more—

Wid. Good Sir no more, what ere my Husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it brauely off Sir.

The Scornefull Lady.

Moroc. Not with the head, sweet widdow.

Wid: No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must haue you dub'd, for vnder that I will scope a feather. My Husband was a fellow lou'd to toyle, sed ill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew coltise, which for I was his wife, & gaue way to, and span mine owne smockes course, and fir, so little: but let that passe, Time, that weares all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitlesse fife yeares marriage, left me great vith his wealth, which if youle bee a worthie gossip to, be knighted Sir?

Moroc. Now Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you sir?

Sauil: Sir, I come from young Master *Loulesse*.

Mo. Be silent Sir, I haue no money, not a penny for you, he's funke, your Masters funke a perisht man Sir.

Sauil. Indeed his Brother's funke sir, God bee with him a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Moroc. How saidst thou, good my friend, his Brother

Sauil: Vntimely sir, at Sea. (drown'd?)

Moroc. And thy young master left sole Heyre?

Sauil. Yes Sir.

Moroc. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mo: Widdow be wise, there's more Land comming, widdow be very wise, and giue thanks for me widdow.

Widdow: Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then giue thanks for me Sir?

Sauil: What sayes your worship to this money?

Moroc: I say he may haue money if he please.

Sauil: A thousand Sir?

Mo: A thousand sir, provided any wise sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise —

Enter Young Loulesse and Comrades to the same

Sauil: He's here himselte Sir, and can better tell you.

Mo: My notable deare friend, and worthy Master *Loulesse*, and now right worshiptull, all ioy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my deare inclofer Master *Morocraft*, prethee old Angell gold, salute my family, he doe as much for yours; this, and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And

The Scornefull Lady.

Wid: And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo: Sirrah, my Brothers dead,

More: Dead?

Yo. Lo: Dead, and by this time soust for Ember Weeke.

Morecraft: Dead?

Young Lo: Drown'd, drown'd at sea Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

Mo. Now by my faith of my body it moues me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, & weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee prettily bequitt, he hath left his land behind him.

Morecraft. O ha's he so?

Young Lo: Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I haue all boy, haue any ready money?

Morecraft: Will you sell Sir?

Young Lo: No not outright good Gripe; marry, a mortgage, or such a slight securitie.

More. I haue no money sir for mortgage; If you will sell, and all or none, Ile worke a new Mine for you.

Sauil. Good Sir looke afore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seeke your Brother, and there lye pickled in a powdering Tub, and breake your teeth with biskets and hard beefe that must haue watering sir: and where's your 300 pounds a yeare in drinke then? If you'll tunne vp the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a saggot boate, and a bottle of *U/quebaugh*, come home poore men, like a tipse of Thames. streete stinking of Pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazeld mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my soueraigne friend heere, I would breake your fore-casting coxcombe, dogge I would open with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and Inkeborne. Noble boy, the God of gold here has sed thee well, take mony for thy durt: harke and beleene, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate vnhearktfull, sell and bee wise; wee are three that will

The Scornefull Lady.

adorne thee, and liue according to thine owne heart childe ;
mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall bee the blacke
eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall,

Poet : Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you
may liue without the charge of people, onely wee foure will
make a family, I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in
which ile write thy life my Sonne of pleasure, equall with *Ne-
ro* and *Caligula*.

Young Lo : What men were they Captaine ?

Capt : Two roring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

Young Lo : Come Sir, what dare you giue.

Sa. You will not sell sir? *To, Lo*. Who told you so Sir?

Sauil : Good Sir haue a care.

Young Lo. Peace, or Ile tacke your tongue vpto your roose,
What money ? speake.

Moreer : Six thousand pound sir.

Capt : Take it, has ouerbidden by the Sunne : blind him to
his bargaine quickly.

To, Lo : Come strike me lucke with earnest, and draw the
writings ? *Mo* : There's a Gods penny for thee.

Sauil : Sir for my old masters sake let my farms be excepted,
if I become his tenant I am vndon : my Children beggers,
and my Wife God knowes what : consider me deare sir ?

Moreer : Ile haue all or none.

To, Lo. All in, all in : di patch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou
wert wiser.

Sauil. Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascall ;
would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am
utterly vndone ; now he that taught thee to deceiue and cou-
sen, take thee to his mercy ; so be it. *Exit Sauil.*

Moreer : Come Widdow come, neuer stand vpon a Knight-
hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not proote enough for
a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee —

Wid : To answer in short, 'tis this sir. No Knight no Wid-
dow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Ladie, and so I
take my leaue.

Mo. Farewell sweet Widdow, and thinke of it. *Ex, Wid.*

Wi. Sir, I doe more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame sir.

Moreer :

The Scornefull Lady.

Mo. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidie, & so by consequence should prove a Coxcombe: He have a care of that. Sixe thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS, 3. SCÆNA, 1.

Enter Abigail, and drops her Gloue.

Abigail: If he but follow me, as all my hopes tells me he's man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel: This is the strangest pamperd peece of flesh towards Eftie, that euer frailtie copt withall, what a trim linnay heere shee has put vpon me: these women are a proud kind of Cat-tell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they will not sticke to make their very skins Bawdes to their flesh. Heeres dogskin and florax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to do with it, beside nayling it vp amongst Irish heads of Teere, to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your Gloue.

Abig: Not sir, if you haue found it.

Wel: It was my meaning Lady to restore it,

Abig: Twill be vnciuill in me to take backe a fauour; Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel: I had rather weare a bell. But haerke you Mistresse, What hidden vertue is there in this Gloue, that you would haue me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the toothake? Or these red tops; being steep in white wine soluble, will't kill the Itch? or has it so conceal'd a providence to keepe my hand from bonds? if it haue none of these; and proue no more but a bare Gloue of halfe a Crowne a paire, twill be but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwayes; faith lets draw cuts on: will doe me no pleasure.

Abig. The tendernes of his yeares keeps him as yet in ignorance,

The Scornefull Lady.

nerance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stirre no higher; but tis his want of company: I must grow neerer to him.

Enter El. Lanecliffe disguised.

Elder Lo. God saue you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: this is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

Elder Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what buisinesse haue you here?

Elder Lo. More I beleue then you haue.

Abig. Who would this fellow speake with? art thou sober?

Elder Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

Elder Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentle-

Wel. Art thou no more? (man.

Elder Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrell?

Elder Lo. No, not with women; I come to speake here with

Abig. Why I am one. (a Gentlewoman?

Elder Lo. But not with one so gentle:

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

Elder Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come ouer, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine Sir. Lady if there be a better of your sexe within this house, say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

Elder Lo. Your way youle be too good, pray end my buisnesse. This is another Sutor, O fraile woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnesse hopes to doe more then the long futes of a thousand could; though he bee sower hee's quicke, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new calke; goe and bee handsome, and then you may sit with her Seruingmen.

Elder Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Guesse by my outside.

Elder Lo. Then I take you Sir, for some new filken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that shall (when you cometo keepe good company) bee beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistres.

Abig. How

The Scornefull Lady.

Abig: How many liues haſt thou, that thou talkeſt thus rudely?

Elder Lo: But one, one, I am neither Cat or Woman.

Wel: And will that one life ſir maintaine you euer in ſuch bold ſawcineſſe?

Elder Lo: Yes, amongſt a nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing, ſhall I ſpeake with this Lady?

Abig: Noby my troth ſhall you not,

Elder Lo: I muſt ſtay here then?

Wel: That you ſhall not neither.

Elder Lo: Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel: Good angry thing ſhall I tell you:

This is no place for ſuch companions,
Such louiſie Gentlemen ſhall find their buſineſſe
Better i'th Suburbs, there your ſtrong pitch perfume,
Ming'd with lees of Ale, ſhall reeke in faſhion:
This is no Thames ſtreet Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly:
Prethee be ſatiſfied, and ſeeke the Suburbs,
Good Capaine, or what euer title'ſt,
The warlike Eele boats haue beſtow'd vpon thee,
Goe and reforme thy ſelie prethee bee ſweeter,
And know my Lady ſpeakes with no ſuch ſwabbers.

Elder Lo: You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you picke from playes, goe too, I haue found yee:
And for you, ſirtender whoſe gentle blood
Runnes in your noſe, and makes you ſnuſſe at all,
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know,
He that begot your worſhips ſattin ſure,
Can make no men Sir: I will ſee this Lady,
And with the reuerence of your ſilkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.

Wel: You will not ſure.

Elder Lo: Sure Sir I ſhall,

Abig: You would be beaten out?

Elder Lo: Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who ſhall beate me? this good Gentleman
Lookes as hee were o'th peace.

Wel: Sir you ſhall ſee that: will you get you out?

The Scornefull Lady.

Elder Lo: Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,
Dare you fight, I will stay here still. *They draw.*

Abig. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake,
Madam; Iesus they foine at one another,
Madam, why, who is within there? *Enter Lady.*

La. Who breeds this rudenesse?

Wel: This vnciuill fellow;

He sayes he comes from Sea, where I belecue,
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady: Why what of him?

Wel: Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,
Presse to your prinacies, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;
I let goe his ill Language.

Lady: Sir, haue you businesse with mee?

Elder Lo: Madam some I haue,
But not so serious to payne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th *Sunne* as this is, to desie
Men of imployment to ye, you may liue,
But in what fame?

Lady: Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though vnciuilly
He sling his wild words at me: But to you
I think be did no honour, to deny
The hast I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I seeme course.

Lady. Excuse me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall haue no protection. And to you Sir,
You haue shew'd more heate then wit, and from your selfe
Haue borrowed power, I neuer gave you bere,
To doe these vild vnmanly things; my house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my fauours
Not doting yet on your vnknowne deserts
So farre, that I should make you master of my businesse;
My credit yet, stands fairer with the people
Then to be tri'd with swords; And they that come
To doe me Service, must not thinke to winne me
With hazard of a murder, if your loue

The Scornefull Lady.

Consist in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of some common Mistresse,
Shorten your youth, I pray be better temper'd:
And giue me leaue a while Sir?

Wel. You must haue it.

Exit Walsford.

Lady. Now Sir, your businesse?

Elder Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this yong fellow,
Whom his owne follies, which are prone enough,
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,
Shall leuell him away to his repentance:
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a Woman,
And anger's lost vpon you.

Lady: Why at me Sir?
I neuer did you wrong, for to my knowledge
This is the first sight of you.

Elder Lo: You haue done that,
I must confesse I haue the least curse in
Because the least acquaintance: But there bee
(If there bee honour in the mindes of men)
Thousands when they shall know what I decline,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your blacke memorie.

Lady: How is this good Sir?

Elder Lo. Tis that, thas if you haue a Soule will choake it:
Y'au'kild a Gentleman:

Lady! I kild a Gentleman!

Elder Lo: You and your crueltie haue kild him woman:
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd aboue all womens vertues
That are, I spare you all to come too: guesse him now?

Lady: I am so innocent I cannot Sir.

Elder Lo: Repent you meane, you are a perfect woman.
And as the first was, made for mans vndoing.

Lady: Sir, you haue mist your way, I am not shee.

Elder Lo: Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wandered farther then women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

Lady: How doe you doe Sir?

Elder Lo: Well enough I hope.

The Scornefull Lady.

While I can keepe my selfe out from temptations.

La. Pray leape into this matter, whacher would yee?

Elder La. You had a Seruant that your penurishnes
Inioined to trauaile.

Lady. Such a one I haue

Sil, and should be grieved twere otherwise.

El. La. Then haue your asking, and be green'd he's dead,
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am sure, eyther he, or you, or both
Were starke mad, else he might haue lin'd
To haue giuen a stronger testimony to th' world
Of what he might haue beene. He was a man
I knew but in his euening, ten Sunnes after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storme our beaten Barke,
Bulg'd vnder vs; in which sad parting blow,
He call'd vpon his Saint, but not for life,
On you vnhappy woman, and whilst all
Sought to prelerue their Soules, he desperately,
Imbrac'd a waue, crying to all that see it,
It any liue goe to my Fate that forc'd me
To this vnameely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loueleffe*: And I scap't the storme,
And now you haue my businesse.

La. Tis too much.

Would I had beene that storme he had not perisht.
If youle raile now, I will forgine you Sir?
Or if youle call in more, if any more
Come from this ruine I shall iustly suffer
What they can say, I doe confesse my selfe
A guiltie cause in this. I would say more,
But grieve is growne too great to be deliuered.

Elder La. I like this well: these women are strange things.
Tis somewhat of the latest now to weepe,
You should haue wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd with those teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had
beene his Sea.

Elder La. Trust me you moue me much: but say hee liued,
these were forgotten things againe,

Lady. 3

The Scornefull Lady.

Lady : I say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is knavery. Ile fit you for it: Were he living sir, I wou'd perswade you to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill as your opinion holds vs. O my friend, what penance shall pull I vpon my fault, vpon my most vnworthy selfe for this?

Elder Lo. Leas to loue others, 'twas some iealousie That en:nd him desperate.

Lady. Ile be with you straight: are you wrung there?

Elder Lo : This workes a mine vpon her.

Lady : I doe confesse there is a Gentleman Has borne me long good will. *E. Lo.* I doe not like that.

La. And vow'd a thousand seruices to me; to me, regardles of him. But since Fate, that no power can withstand, h'as taken from me my first, & best loue, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly. I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall know all: Call *M. Walsford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste embraces keepe aliuie the memory of my lost louely *Louelasse*: he is some what like him to. *Elder Lo* : Then you can loue.

Lady : Yes certainly Sir?

Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hop: I shall perswade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Enter Walsford,*
Wel : Would you haue spoke with me Maddam?

La. Yes *M. Wel.* and I aske your pardon before this gentleman for being froward: this kisse, & henceforth more affectiue.

El. Lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel : This is a suddaine passion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his feare sure ha's
Perswaded her. Ile giue him a new suit on'r,

La. A parting kisse, and good Sir, let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallerie.

We. I am in another world, Maddam where you please. *Ex W.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't shall goe hard but ile be drown'd in.

La : Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature. (deed
But time may winne me.

Elder Lo : You haue forgot your lost Loue.

La : Alas sir, what would you haue me do? I cannot call him
back againe with sorrow; ile loue this man as deerely, & be-

The Scornefull Lady.

throw me, He keeps him farre enough from Sea, and twas sold mee, now I remembre me, by an old wise woman, that my first Loue should be drown'd, and see tis come about.

Elder Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

La: Faith sir, consider all, and then I know youle be of my minde: if weeping would redeeme him, I would weepe still.

Elder Lo: But say that I were *Lonelesse*,
And scap'd the storme, how would you answer this?

La. Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

Elder Lo: This young thing too?

Lady: That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would loose my state.

Elder Lo: Why then hee liues still, I am he, your *Lonelesse*.

La. Alas I knew ic fir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske. And leaue these Players tricks, or I shall leaue you, indeed I shall. Trauaile, or know me not.

Elder Lo: Will you then marry?

Lady: I will not promise, take your choise. Farewell.

Elder Lo: There is no other Purgatorie but a Woman.
I must doe something.

Exit Lonelesse.

Wel: Mistresse I am bold.

Enter Walsford.

Lady: You are indeed. *Wel:* You soonerioyed me *Lady:*

Lady: Take heed you surfeit not, pray salt and welcome.

Wel: By this light you leue me extremely.

Lady: By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel: Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady: Indeed I can, where you shall neuer finde it. (on't

Wel: I like this mirth well *Lady.* *La.* You shall haue more

Wel: I must kisse you. *La.* No sir. *Wel:* Indeed I must.

Lady: What must be, must be: letake my leaue, you haue your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you haue, that sent you hither, and tell them when you trauaile next, 'twere fit you brought lesse brauery with you, and more wit, youle neuer get a wife else.

Wel: Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith. Will you eat fir, your horses will be readie straight, you shall haue a napkin laid in the butterie for yee.

Wel: Do not you loue me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel:

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel: It is a good one Ladie.

La: Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel: Me thinkes yours is none of the best Ladie,

La: No by my troth Sir; yet o'my conscience,
You would make shift with it.

Wel: Come pray no more of this?

La: I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring
out the Gentlemans horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold
meats on the Table.

Wel: I have too much of that I thanke you Ladie: take your
chamber when you please, there goes a blacke one with you

La: Farewell young man, *Exit Ladie.* (Ladie,

Wel: You haue made me one. Farewell and may the curse of
a great house fall vpon thee, I meane the Butler. The diuell &
all his works are in these women, would all of my sex were of
my minde, I would make vni a new Lent, and a long one, that
flesh might be in more reuerence with them. *Ent. Abig. to him.*

Abig: I am sorie M, *Welford Wel:* So am I, that you are here.

Abig: How does my Ladie vse you?

Wel: As I would vse you, scurnlie,

Abig: I should haue bene more kind Sir?

Wel: I should haue bene vndone then. Pray leaue me, and
looke to your sweet meates; haake, your Ladie calls?

Abig: Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel: Y'are nothing but offence, for Gods loue leaue me.

Abig: Tis strange my Ladie should be such a tirant?

Wel: To send you to mee, 'Pray goe stich, good doe, y'are
more trouble to me then a Tearme.

Abig: I do not know how my good will, if I said loue I lied
nor, should anie way deserue this?

Wel: A thousand waies, a thousand waies; sweet Creature
let me depart in peace.

Abig: What Creature Sir? I hope I am a woman,

Wel: A hundred I thinke by your noise.

Abig: Since you are angrie sir, I am bold to tell you that I am
a woman, and a ribbe,

Wel: Of a roasted horse, *Abig:* Conster me that?

Wel: A Dog can doe it better; Farewell Countesse, and com-
mend m. to your Ladie, tell her she's proud, and scurvie, and

The Scornefull Lady.

so I commit you both to your temper. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. *Welf.*

Welf. Auoyde old Satanus: Goe danbe your ruines, your face lookes fouler then a storme: the Footeman stayes you in the Lobby Lady,

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions? are these fit words to giue a Gentlewoman?

Welf. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses, Farewell old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horne else. *Exit Welford.*

Abi. The blessings of a Prodigall young heire bethy companions *Welford*, marry come vp my Gentleman, are your gums growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly Will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a packfaddle. And I doubt not (if my aime hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail.*

Enter Young Louelesse and Comrades, Morecraft, Widdow, Sawit, and the rest.

Capt. Save thy braue shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy backe Sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee not, thou art an errant mar, goe on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let Land and labour fill the man that rils, thy sword must be thy plough, and loue it speed. *Mocha* shall swear, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy deare name fill vp his monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

Capt. Thou shalt haue heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend mee money. I am a man of Garrison be rul'd and open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy euill angels passe againe, and I will stile thee noble, say *Don Diego*. He woo thy *Isionia* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meates, and make her apt.

Mo. Pardon me Captaine y^e are beside my meaning.

Young Lo. No M^r *Morecraft*, 'tis the Capitaines meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or prouoke her. Speake my moderne man, I say prouoke her.

Poet. Cap. I say so too, or stir her to it. So sayes the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But how soeuer you expound it for, she's very welcome and

The Scornefull Lady.

and this shall serve for witness. And widdow, since y^e are come so happily, you shall deliver up the keyes, and free possession of this house; whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather glue it backe againe bekeueme,
'Tis a miserie to say you had it. Take heed.

T. Lo. 'Tis past that Widdow, come, sit downe; some wine the e, there is a scurrie banquet if wee had it. All this faire House is yours Sir. *San.* I will.

Young Lo. Are your keyes readie, I must cate your burden.

San. I am readie Sir to be vndone, when you shall call me to't.

Young Lo. Come come, thou shalt liue better.

San. I shall haue leile to doe, that's all, there's halfe a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank, with halfe a breech among v'n. I shall bee with v'n shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, eate vp this rascall, What shall become of my poore familie, they are nosleepe, and they must keepe themselves.

Young Lo. Drinke Master *Morecraft* pray be merrie all
Nay and you will not drinke there's no iocundie,
Captaine, speake loud, and drinke widdow. a word,

Cap. Expound her thoroughly Knight. Here God a gold, here's to thy faire possessions; Bee a Barron tend a bold one: leave off your tickling of young heires like Troats, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men of war, liue and be honest, and be sued yet.

Ma. I thanke you worthis Captaine for your counsell. You keepe your Chimnies smoking there, your nostrels, and when you can, you feede a man of Warre, this makes you not a Barron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be sued, let the Clarke o'th companie (you haue commanded) haue a iust care off.

Poet. I he man is much moued. Be not angrie Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure bee a short iurie, and goe out. You haue spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? Captaine take cruce, the Miler is a tart and a wittie whorson.

Cap. Poet you faine perdie, the wit of this man lies in his fingers end, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a neath-tongue, and only serues to licke his hungrie chaps after a purchase; his braines and brimstone are the diuels diet to a fat vintners head: To her Knight, to her: c'ap her aboard, and blow her. Wheres the braue Steward.

The Scornefull Lady.

Sauil: Here's your poore friend, and *Sauil* sir?

Cap: Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face thou hast a serious face, a bettings, bargaining, and sauing face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vsurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

Sauil: Tis such I dare not shew it shortly sir.

Cap: Be blithe and bonny Seeward: Master *Morcraft*,
Drinke to this man of reckoning?

Mores. Here's e'ne to him:

Sa: The Dinell guide it downeward: would there were in't an acre of the great broome field he bought, to sweepe your durtie conscience, or to choake yee, tis all one to me Vsurer.

Young Lo: Consider what I told you, you are young, vnape for worldly busines: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrarie to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare bondage of a brace of Angels? or a new kirtell, though it bee Satten? Eate by the hope of surfets, and lie down only in expectation of a morrow, that may vndo some easie hearted soole, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returnes the principall and get out of these troubles, a consuming heire: For such a one must follow necessarie, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that possesse wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, then you to his coosenage.

W: Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begun here?

Yo. Lo: Tis yet time. Be merrie, me thinks you want wine there, there's more i'th house: Capitaine, where rests the health?

Cap: It shall goe round boy?

Yo. Lo: Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet looke vpon him: there's nothing in that hide bound Vsurer; that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches: for you to loue, vnlesse his perisht lungs, his drie cough, or his scurvie. This is truth, and so far I dare speake yet: he has yet past cure of Phisicke, spaw, or any diet, a primative pox in his bones; and a'my knowledge hee has beene ten times rowell'd: ye may loue him; he had a bastard, his own toward issue,

whipe

The Scornefull Lady.

whipt, and then crop for washing out the roses, in three farthings
to make vni peace.

Wid. I doe not like these Morals?

To. Lo. You must not like him then?

Enter Elder Lo.

Elder Lo. By your leaue Gentlemen?

To. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord
what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman,
& if you please these friends here we are merry, you see the worst
on's; your house has beene kept warme Sir?

El. Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wise too,

To. Lo. Pray M. *Morcraft* know my elder brother, and Cap-
taine doe you complement, *Samill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to
see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how
luckily things come about?

Morcraft. This mony must be paid againe Sir?

To. Lo. No sir, pray keepe the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors
measures: I am well I thanke you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne
Sawce, I shall loue him for't.

Sam. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the
welcom'st man aliue; upon my knees I bid you welcome home:
here has been such a hurly, such a din, such dismall drinking, swea-
ring, & whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We haue all liu'd in
a continuall Turnball Street; Sir blest bee Heauen, that sent you
safe againe, now shall I eate and goo to bed againe.

Elder Lo. Brethren dismisse these people?

To. Lo. Capitaine begon a while, meet me at my old *Randhouse*
in the evening, take your small Poet with you. M. *Morcraft* you
were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve
your mony; I was costw'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better Sir. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Young Lo. The thickest Vicer that sups my Land off:

Elder Lo. What does he carrie for?

To. Lo. Sir to be Landlord of your house and starr. I was bold
to make a little Sale sir.

Morcraft. Am I ouer reach'd if there be Law ile hamper yee.

Elder Lo. Prothiee be gone, and rane at home, thou art so base a
foole I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of ceasing home
and spare, eate reddish till you raise your fume againe. If you stirre

The Scornefull Lady.

Farre in this, He haue you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing o'th pillorie & your goods forfeit: you are a stale couxener, leaue my house: no more

Mor. A poxe vpon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wi. Good twelue tith hundred keepe your way, I am not for your diet, marrie in your owne tribe / ew, and get a Broker.

To Lo. Tis well said Widdow: shall you jogg on Sir?

Mor: Yes, I will goe, but tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild Foole and a Woman,
May I lend grai, and build Hospitals.

To, Lo. Nay good sir, make all euen, her sa widdow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may reuue me and my fortunes.

Eld. Lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

Wid: You dash him wrong sir, hee's a Knight?

El, Lo. I aske you merie: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance I take it: whatsoeuer he is, he is your Seruant, or would be Ladie. Faith bee not mercilesse, but make a man; he's young and handsome though he be my Brother, and his obseruances may deserue your Lowe: he shall not fall for meanes.

Wi. Sir you speake like a worthy brother: and so much I doe credit your faire language, that I shall loue your Brother: and so loue him, but I shall blush to say more.

El, Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not line to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but he giue no distaste to your faire Mistris. I will instruct her in't and she shall doe't: you haue bin wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

To Lo: Sir euery day now Spring comes on.

Eld. Lo. To you good Mr. *Sauil* and your Office, thus much I haue to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your owne Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir *Sauil*?

Sa: Good Sir consider who you left me too.

El, Lo: I left you as a curb for, not to prouoke my brothers follies: where's the best drinke, now / come, tell me *Sauil*; where's the soundest whores? Ycold he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Gallion, must you be leading in my house your whores, like Fairies dance their night rounds, without feare either of King or Con-
stable,

The Scornefull Lady.

stable, within my wallee? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheepe vnfold yet? I hope my plate is currant, I haue much on't. What say you to 300. pounds in drinke now?

Sauil. Good Sir forgive me, and but heare me speake?

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunke still, and not speake 'tis the more pardonable.

Sauil. I will Sir, if you will haue it so.

El. Lo. I thanke ye: yes, e'ne pursue it fir: doe you heare? get a whore soone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Broken-breach* your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I shall deliuer these keyes to one shall haue more honesty: though not so much fine wit Sir. Yea may walke and gather *Cresses* fir to coole your liuer; there's something for you to begin a diet: you'll haue the poxe else. Speed you well, Sir *Sauil*: you may eate at my house to preserve life; but keepe no fornications in the stables, *Ex. own pr. Sa.*

Sa. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will looks for't,

Bating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now:

I will run mad first, and if that get not pittie,

Ile drowne my selfe, to a most dismall dirty.

En. Sauil.

Finis Actus Terry.

ACTVS, 4. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Abigail solus.

Abigail Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee: to what a scornefull Fortane? thou that hast beene a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Seruingman, must begge for fauour to those, that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an apprition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fiftene, and so till fise and twentie: vse your time with reuerence, that your profits may arise: it will not carry with you *Ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfer eates our youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw v'm for't, has beene a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house of fiftie, call me Granam; and when they are drunke, e'ne then, when *Ione* and my Ladie are all one, not one will doe me reason. My little Lenite hath forsaken

The Scornefull Lady.

me, his siluer sound of Cytherne quite abolisht his dolesull hymn
vnder my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well
foole, you leapt a Haddocke when you left him: he's a cleane
man, & a good Edifier, & twenty nobles is his state *de claye*, besides
his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Hemistiff* I haue beene euer sub-
borne, which God forgieue me for, and mend my manners: and
Lode, if euer thou hadst care of fortie, of such a peece of lape
ground heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth that my
fauls, in this renewed impression of my loue, may shew corrected
to our gentle reader.

Enter Roger.

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage
Canonnicall, as though he had broken the heart of *Belarmine*, or
added some thing to the singing Brethren. This scorne, I know it,
and deserue it. *M. Roger.*

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*? *Rog.* Vngentle *Abigail*.

Ab. Why *M. Roger* will you set your wit to a weake womans?

Rog. You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I doe confesse my weaknesse sweet Sir *Roger*.

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gen-
tlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leaue your prating, you
haue a season of your first mother in yee: and surely had the diuill
beene in loue, hee had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*, you make
men fooles, and weare figge breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weake in-
firmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a
time, would I had neuer seene those eyes, those eyes, those Orient
eyes.

Rog. I they were pearles once with you.

Abig. Saueing your reuerence Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leaue your cogging, what
they are, they are, they serue me without Spectacles I thanke v.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I doe not thinke I can,

Y^e are like a Coppy-hold with nine liues in't.

Abig. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you:
For your owne workshops sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a
dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in loue, and was a dunce
could

The Scornefull Lady.

could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stire you put me in, I prayed for my own issue. You doe remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were?

Rog. I thanke you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigail*: and as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not loose my oyle and labour too, Y^e are for the worshipfull I take it *Abigail*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee?

Rog. I like these teares well, and this humbling also, they are Symptomes of contrition. If I should fall into my sin againe, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not vse me scurnily againe, and giue me possetts with purging Confects in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast beens harder to me, then a long pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will loue thee better, dearer, longer: I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine household to thy reformation. My Ladie shall looke lovingly on thy learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will conuert thy egges to penny costards, and thy tith goods shall graue and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall rectifie this faithfull kisse, and haue a great care Mistris *Abigail* how you depresse the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mokes: for certainly the edge of such a follie cuts it selfe.

Abi. O Sir, you haue pierc'd me thorow, Here I vow a rean- tation to those malicious faults I euer did against you. Neuer more will I despise your learning, neuer more pin cards & cunny tales vpon your Caslock, neuer againe reproach your reuerend night-cap, and call it by thy single name of murrin, neuer your reuerend person more, and say you look like one of *Bals* Priests in a hanging, neuer againe when you say grace laugh at you: nor put you out at prayers: neuer crampe you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amend: d, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry too. Come to thine owne belou'd, and doe euen what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigail*. I am thine owne for euer: heere's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

La. Why,

The Scornefull Lady.

La. Why how now Master Roger, no prayers downe with you to night? Did you heare the bellring? You are courting: your flocks shall far well for it.

Ro. I humbly aske your pardon: Ile clap vp Prayers (but stay a little and be with you againe. *Ex. Roger. Ent. El. La.*

La. How dare you being so vnworthie a fellow, Presume to come to moue me any more?

Elder La. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ailes the fellow?

Eld. La. The fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you Ladie I would not for your Land, be such a Coxcome, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I loy to heare you are wise, tis a rare Iewell In an Elder Brother: pray be wiser yet?

El. La. Me thinkes I am very wise: I doe not come a wooing Indced Ile moue no more loue to your Ladiship.

La. What make you here then?

El. La. Onely to see you and be merry Ladie: that's all my business. Faith lets be very merry. Where's little Roger? he's a good fellow: an houre or two well spent in wholsome mirth, is worth a thousand of these paining passions. Tis an ill world for Louers,

Lady. They were neuer fewer.

Elder La. Is thanke God there's one lesse for me Ladie?

La. You were neuer any Sir.

Elder La. Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

La. You take like a Tailor Sir.

El. La. Me thinkes your faces are no such fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wise. Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

Elder La. A Hogs face soust is worth a hundred of vms.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

Eld. La. She brought such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons Ladie?

La. Tis well you will allow vs our Cleargie yet.

Elder La. That shall not saue you, O that I were in loue againe with a wif.

La. By this light you are a turnie fellow, pray be gone.

Eld. La. You know I am a cleane skind man.

La. Doe I know it?

Eld. Come, come, you would know it; thats as good: but not

The Scornefull Lady.

not a snap, neuer long for't, not a snap deere Ladie.

La. Harke ye Sir, harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse flesh for such hounds: will you goe Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lou'd this woman, how I worshipt this prettie calfe with the white face here: as I liue, you were the prettiest foole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would talke: Lord how it talk't; and when I angred it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eate no meate, and it would say, goe hang.

La. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it, if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

La. Sir this is most vnmanly pray be gone?

El. Lo. And sweare (cuen when it twitterd to be at me) I was vnmanfome.

La. Haue you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And say my back was melted, when God the knowes, I kept it at a charge: Foure *Flanders* Marcs, would haue beene easier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You thinke all this is true now?

El. Lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you, But so much for our mirth: Now haue at you in earnest.

La. There is enough sir, I desire no more?

El. Lo. Yes faith, wee haue a cast at your best parts now, And then the Diuell take the worst.

La. Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone; You are a woman, and the proudest that euer lou'd a Coach: the scornefullst, seueriest, and most sencelesse woman; the greediest to be praised, and neuer mou'd, though it be grosse and open; the most enuious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eate your owne, and more then is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of such a felie opinion, that you thinke none can deserue your gloue: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might haue beene your Tempters tutor: nay, neuer erie.

La. Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for yet?

El. Lo. You shall before I leaue you.

La. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo. Yes, and more as soone as I can get it out.

The Scornefull Lady.

Ls. Well out with't.

El. Ls. You are let me see.

Ls. One that has vs'd you with too much respect,

Eld. Ls. One that hath vs'd me (since you will haue it so) the best, the most Foot-boy-like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you haue vs'd me, as I would vse a lade ride him off's legs, then turne him to the Commons; you haue vs'd me with discretion, and I thanke ye. If you haue many more such pretty Seruants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are old, pray keepe v'm for shame.

Ls. I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

El. Ls. Will you haue more on't?

Ls. No faith, there's enough if it be true:

Too much by all my part, you are no Louer then?

El. Ls. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

Ls. Why the Gods amend all.

El. Ls. Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found ith world, to be in loue with such a froward woman: if there bee such, th'are mad, *loue* comfort v'm. Now you haue all, and I as new a man, as light, and spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through another creature. O tis braue to be ones owne man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and neuer kisse your hand: heare you sing, and neuer fall backward: but with as set a temper, as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thanke you, I can now keepe my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: and keepe my hand from Mercers sheepskins finely. I can eate Matton now, and seall my selfe with my two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteene pence againe: I can my Ladie.

Ls. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let mee speake a little priuate with you I must not suffer this.

El. Ls. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not rauish me? Now, your set speech?

Ls. Thou periur'd man.

El. Ls. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*?
And why I pray you periur'd?

Ls. Did you nor sweare a thousand thousand times you lou'd me best of all things?

El. Ls. I doe confesse it: make your best of that.

Ls. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. Ls. Nay

The Scornefull Lady.

Eld. Lo. Nay Ile sweate it,
And giue sufficient reasons; your owne vsage.

La: Doe you not loue me now then? *El. Lo.* No faith.

La: Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

El. Lo: Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

La: Doe not denie your hand for I must kisse it, and take my
last farewell; now let me die so you be happie?

El. Lo: I am too foolish: Ladie, speake desre Ladie.

La. No let me die.

She swaines.

Ma: Oh my Sister! *Abi* O my Ladie, helpe, helpe.

Mar: Run for some *Rosafolia*?

El. Lo. I haue plaid the fine affe: bend her bodie, Ladie, best,
dearest, worthiest Ladie, heare your Seruant: I am not as I shew'd:
O wretched soole to sling away the lewell of thy life thus. Giue
her more aire, see she begins to str, sweet Mistress heare me?

La: Is my Seruant well? *El. Lo:* In being yours I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye reach s'chaire there; I confesse my fault not
pardonable: in pursuing thus vpon such tendernes my wilfull er-
ror; but had I knowne it would haue wrought thus with ye, thus
strangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my best
Ladie) anie word spoke to my end disturbe your quiet peace: for
sooner shall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Do
not doubt this Mistress, for by my life I cannot liue without you.
Come, come, you shall not greeue, rather be angrie, and heape in-
fiction on mine: I will suffer. O I could curse my selfe, pray smile
vpon me Vpon my faith it was but a trick to trie you, knowing
you lou'd me dearelie, & yet strangely that you would neuer shew
it, though my meares was all humilitie.

Al. Ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La: I thanke you fine foole for your most fine plot; this was
a subtil one, a fine deuise to haue caught Dottrels with, good
fencelesse sir, could you imagine I should swaine for you, and
know your selfe to be an arrant affe? I, a discovered one. Tis quit
I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swaine againe?

Al. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her sir, see how she changes colour.

Elder Lo. Ile goe to help first, and be better welcome,

The Scornefull Lady.

I am fool'd, I doe confesse it, finely fool'd,
Ladie fool'd Madam, and I thanke you for it.

La. Faith tis not so much wotth Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
He haue a stronger noose to hold the Woodcocke,

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Eld. Lo. I am glad to see you merrie, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you sir, ha, ha,

La. Pray Sister doe not laugh, youle anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,
That Schoole- boyes had coozned of his Apples,
As loud and sencelesse?

E. Lo. I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then lets heare him Sister?

El. Lo. Yes, you shall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

Eld. Lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
He haue him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.

La. By this light heele beate vs.

Elder Lo. You doe deserue it richly,
And may liue to haue a Beadle doe it.

La. Now he railes?

Elder Lo. Come scornefull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweblawne.

Lady: You bite Sir?

El. Lo: I would till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzell him, he growes mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sicknes to bane
the Dogs spared those harmelesse creatures, and knocke ith head
these hot continuall plagues, women; that are more infectious,
I hope the state will thinke on't.

Lady: Are you well Sir?

Mar. He lookes as though he hrd a grieuous fit ath Collick.

El. Lo. Greens- ginger will cure me?

Abig. He heate a trencher for him.

Eld. Lo: Dirty December doe, Thou with a face as old as Erris

The Scornefull Lady.

Pater, such a Prognosticating nose: thou thing that ten yeares since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Baud; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or dincinnes, pray goe fetch a trencher goe:

Lady: Let him alone, 'tis crackt:

Abie: Hee see him hang'd fill, 'tis a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'd make him eat his Knaues words?

El. Lo: Tie your shee Oxe vp, good Lady folly, shee thinks worse then a Bearebaiting.

Lady: Why will you be angry now?

Eld. Lo: Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you: you a Lady?

Abig. Sirra, looke to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behauiour in the world, ile haue thee bound to it.

El. Lo: You must not seeke it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home; and spinne good *Abigall*. And Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base maner you haue vs'd my seruice, I doe from this houre hate thee hartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, & waken you: length to see my wrongs, tis not the indeauour of your life shall win me; not all the friends you haue intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke, as many teares as words; not your knees growne toth ground in penitence, nor all your state, to kiss you; nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall, if you dye thus; so farewell. When I am married and made sure, Ile come and visit you againe, and vex you Ladie. By all my hopes Ile bee a torment to you, worse then a tedious winter. I know you will reeant and sue to mee, but sane that labour: Ile rather loue a feuer and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke and sacerdotie vpon quarrels, or take a drawne whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercury* had caren, then to be drawne to loue you.

Lo. H1, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, faile dice, lades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliuer me.

Ex. Eld. Lo.

Lo. But harke you Seruant, harke yee: is hee gone? call him againe:

Abi. Hang him Padocke.

The Scornefull Laay.

La. Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my Seruant, flet nere see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit againe then see that rascall, but I must doe it. *Exit Abig.*

La. I would be loath to anger him too much, what fine foolery is this in a women, to vse those men most frowardly they loue most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly serued. I hope 'is not so much himsele, to take it to th'heart: how now? will hee come backe?

Ent. Abig.

Abig. Neuer he sweares whilst he can heare men say ther's any woman liuing: he swore he would haue me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to loue being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There's another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou saist true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, ide be loth he should sleepe in's anger.

Women are most fooles when they thinke th'are wisest.

Ex. omnes.

Musicke. Enter young Louelesse and Widdow going to be Married: With them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray sir cast off these fellowes, as vnfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your companie: ist fit such Ragamuffins as these are should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a ciuill house? y'are to be married now, and men that loue you must expect a course far fro your old carriers: If you will keepe vm, turne vm to ch stable, & there make vm grooms: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horse back, you haue heard will ride, how farre you had best to looke to.

Cap. Heare you younthat must be Ladie pray content your selfe and thinke vpon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wastcote, what cordiall will do well i'th morning for him, what triers haue you?

Wid. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Those that must switch him vp: if he start well, feare not but crie Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceiue his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, is flect nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wi. Sir,

The Scornefull Lady.

Wid. Sir, you here these fellowes?

To. Lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions:

Wid. To one another let v^m bee companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be ciuill and slip off the e base trappings.

Cap. He shall nor need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be ciuill, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Reasens shall perswade the Captaine to liue a Coxecombe with him; let him be ciuill and eate ith *Arches*, and see what will come ont.

Poet. Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if hee bee ciuill onoe) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him; b^{ee} ciuill? there's a trimme perswasion.

Cap. It thou bee'st ciuill Knight, as *Ioue* defends it, get thee another nose, that will be puld off by the angrie boyes for thy conuersion: the children thou shalt get on this Ciuillian cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Esbicks*, and all thy sport meere Morall leeberie: when they are growne hauing but little in v^m, they may prooue Haberdashers, or grosse Grocers, like their deare Dammes there: prethee be ciuill Knight, in time thou maist reade to thy household, and bee drunke once a yeare: this would shew finely.

To. Lo. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you doe not vnderstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pitby: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintainance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Competencie of two Hennes.

Wid. If you can cast it so Sir, you haue my liking? if they eate lesse, I should not be offended: But how these Sir, can liue vpon so little as Corne and Water, I am vnbeleeuing.

To. Lo. Why prethee sweet hart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my sweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight where's the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

Young Lo. In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate Drinke, and Cloth; These are no rauening Footemen, no fellowes, that at Ordinaries dare eate their eightene pence thrie out before they rise, and yet goe hungrie to play and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din,
which

The Scornefull Lady.

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and bee confin'd to a *Beet-maker*, then lue amongst such rascals; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweate if they but smell hot meate. *Porrage* is poison, they hate a *Kitchin* as they hate a *Counter*, and show v^m but a *Fether-bed* they swoond. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keepes their bodie cleare, and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht euen in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an apple, which is more aire and of subtiller nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little eatie: For like strict men of order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborn table; if a chimney offer it selie with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they may haue fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pampering. For their poore apparell, tis worne out to the diet; new they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angrie: scarce to be reconcil'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet once in a yeare, which is modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Loufie they will be when they list, and *Mangie*, which shewes a fine variety: & then to cure em, a *Tanners* limepit, which is litle charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You haue halie perswaded me, pray v^se your pleasure: and my good friends since I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall haue Ale.

Cap. We aske no more, let it be mighty Lady: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on vs.

To. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in bowles.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

ACTVS, 5. SCÆNA, 1.

Enter Elder Loueloffs.

Elder Lone: This sencelesse woman vexes me toth' heart, shee will not from my memory: would shee were a man for one two houres, that I might beate her. If I had beene vnhaunted, old or
iealous,

The Scornefull Lady.

iealous, had bin an euē lay she might haue scorn'd me; but to be young, & by this light I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, and strong backe; meanes and manners equall with the best cloth of siluer Sir i'th kingdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure she has some Meeching rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt vpon his backe, and sing with't, thrash all day. and i'th euening in his stockings, strike vp a Hornepipe, and there stinke two houres, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these Steele chind rascals that vndoe vs all. Would I had bene a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Seruant.*

Ser: Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speake with you:

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel: By your leaue Sir.

Eld. Lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel: Haue you forgotten me?

El. Lo: I doe not much remember you.

Wel: You must Sir. I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your disguise, I haue inquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed sir if I wrong'd you. Pray where and when?

Wel: In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I doe remember you, you seem'd to bee a Suter to that Ladie?

Wel: If you remember this, doe not forget how scruilly you vs'd me: that was no place to quarrell in pray you thinke of it; If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vrging, else I must prouoke yee:

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but neuer for a woman, I will not haue her in my cause, she's mortall and so is not my anger: if you haue brought a Nobler Subiect for our Swords, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abused, (not by our selues, for that I hold a spleene, no sinne of malice, and may with man enough bee left forgotten.) but by that wilfull, scornefull petter of hatred, that much forgoefull Lady: For whole

The Scornefull Lady.

sake, if we should leave our reason, and runne on vpon our fence, like *Rams*: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and despise vs, fixing vpon our desperate memories the neuer worn out names of Fools, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes metell you; In this I had rather helpe you Sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you rede me her lost name euerie day, and find her, cut new honours with your Sword, you shall but be her mirth as I haue beene.

Wel. I aske you mercie Sir, you haue tane my edge off: yet I would faine be euen with this Ladie.

El. Lo. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two Sisters, rich alike; only the elder has the prouder dowrie: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am fencelesse: doe but follow my counsell, and ile pawne my Spirit, we'l ouer reach em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you I canno: keepe her out, she's entered Sir:

El. Lo. It is the waiting woman pray be not scene: firrth hold her iⁿ discourse a while: harke in your eare, goe, and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the prociot.

Wel. I care not which I haue.

Exit Wellford.

El. Lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady *Gwinnet* what newes with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray leaue these frumps Sir, and receiue this letter.

El. Lo. From whom good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good soule, shee cries and takes on?

El. Lo. Do's she so good Soule? woud she not haue a Cawdle? do's she send you with your fine Oratorie goody *Tully* to tie mee to beliefe againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tiller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then haue you cast, and hung vp ich warren.

Abig. I am no beast Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull; what will you say now?

Abig. Nothing not I;

El. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Ab. Vnlesse you'l heare me with more moderation, I can speake wife enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough & will your Lady loue me?

Ab. It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not bee: ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistres mad?

Ab. For you she will bee, tis a shame you should vse a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly; she loues the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because shee iested with you meane to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say;

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whiteleather hide yet, that thou canst crie? I woud haue sworne thou hadst beene touchwood fye yeare since; Nay let it raine, thy face chops for a shower like v drie Dunghill.

Ab. Ile not indure this Ribauldrie; Farewell i'th diuels name; if my Ladiedie, ile be sworne before a Iury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Doe Maukin doe, deliuer to your Ladie from me this: I meane to see her, if I haue no other businesse: which before ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke how to raile vildly at her; how to vex her, and make her crie so much, that the Phisition if shee fall sicke vpon't, shall want vrine finde the cause be: and she remedie: He die in her heresie: Farewell old Adage. I hope to see the boyes make pot guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God bleesse my issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and thats in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i'th breech like a top. youle nere spin well else: Farewell Fytchocke.

Exeunt,

Enter Laay alone.

La. It is not strange that euerie womans will should tracks out new wayes to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to accompe, it cannot answer why I keepe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from his; and e- uery houre repent againe, yet still go on: I know tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleepe, and growing dull would gladly giue the remnant of his life for two houres rest; yet through his frowardnesse, will rather choose to watch another man,

The Scornefull Lady.

Drowlie as hee, then take his owne repose. All this I know yet a strange peuisshnes and anger, not to haue the power to do things vnexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather die: sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people thinke I loue, and doot with oates, and am in earnest then: O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? what newes?

Ab. Faith Madam none worth hearing. *Enter Abigail.*

La. Is he not come? *Ab.* No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what saies he?

Ab. Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extreemely?

La. What in contempt?

Ab. Hee laught monstrous loud, as hee would die, and when you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: and hauing done he cried alas for her, and violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Ab.* Yestill I was angry.

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did doe but well, I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vnsitt man for any one to loue, had hee not laught thus at mee: you were angry, that shew'd your folly; I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

Ab. Many vncertaine things: hee said though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so much fauour as to see you: yet he said, hee knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leaue.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making vp there: for I heard the seruants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great conuayances in hast, which they said were for their Mistris ioynter.

La. Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does thinke, and reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks, for euer ere he be married.

Ab. At

The scornfull Ladie.

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where we are grac't, & giue respect there wher we are respected: yet we practise a wildercourse, and neuer bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to giue vs a neglect: then wee, too late, perceiue the losse of what we might haue had, and dote to death.

Enter Martha.

Ma. Sister yonders yourseruant, with a gentle won^a with him

La. Where?

Mar. Close at the doore.

La. Ah las I am vndone, I feare he is betroch'd.
What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill fauoured one, with her Ma^{que} on:
And how her face should mend the rest I know not,

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stufte then mine was.

Enter Eld. Louesse, and Welsford in Womens apparell,

La. Now I see him, if my hart swell not againe (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me

El. Lo. By your leaue here.

(not liue.

La. How now, what new tricke inuities you hither?
Ha' you a fine deuice againe?

El. Lo. Faith this is the finest deuice I haue now:
How dost thou sweete heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please,
You my deare Louer. I nor can, nor will,
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet temper: what would I haue giuen, that
Lady had beene like thee: seest thou her? that face (my loue)
ioynd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God liath done, I dare not thinke to
mend: I vse no paint, nor any drugs of Art, my hands and face
will shew it.

La. Why what thing haue you brought to shew vs there? doe
you take money for it?

El. Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my
Mistres: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorne: what I will
is for law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kisse her for
halfe my wealth.

The Scornfull Lady.

El. Lo. Why? why pray you?

You shall see me do'c afore you; looke you.

La. Now sic vpon thee, a beast would not haue don'c. I would not kisse thee of a month to gaine a Kingdome.

El. Lo. Marrie you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there euer such a *Mig* as this?

Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures; for what are shape and colours else, but pictures? in that tawnie hide there li's an endles masse of vertues, when all your red & white ones want

La. And this is she you are to marrie, is't not?

(it.

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God giue you ioy.

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as vnknowne for your good wish.

The like to you when euer you shall wed,

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thanke me? I pray

Keepel your breath nearer you, I doe not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,

Much lesse a Ladie of your worthie parts.

Eld. Lo. Sweet, Sweet?

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus, Thus vgly; sure she's some common Strumpet, Deform'd with exercise of sinne?

Wel. O Sir belecue not this, for heauen so comfort me as I am free from foule pollution with anie man; my honour tane away, I am now woman.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest Soule; I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare her tender heart will break with this reproach, sic that you know no more ciuilitie to a weake Virgin. Tis no matter Sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all; be carelesse.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor; Ma thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not staine'd,

Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

Ma. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to vse a woman, whatsoever she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thanke you.

El. Lo. Maide yet as the Dove, for all these iniuries. Come shall

we

The Scornefull Lady.

wee goe, I loue thee not so ill to keepe thee here a iesting Locke.
Adue to the worlds ends.

La: Why whither now?

El. Lo: Nay you shall neuer know, because you shall not find

La: I pray let me speake with you.

El. Lo: Tis very well: come.

La: I pray you let me speake with you.

El. Lo. Yes for another mocke.

La: By heauen I haue no mockes: good Sir a word.

El. Lo: Though you deserue not so much at my hands, yet if you bee in such earnest. He speake a word with you? but I beseech you be briske: for in good faith there's a Parson and a licence stay for vs in Church all this while: and you know tis night.

La: Sir, giue me hearing patiently, and whatsoeuer I haue heretofore spoke iestingly, forget it: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. Lo. Well, well, what doe you meane?

La: Was not I once your Mistres, and you my Seruant?

El. Lo: O'tis about the old matter.

La: Nay, good Sir stay me out; I would but heare you excuse your selfe, why you should take this woman, and leaue me.

El. Lo. Prethee why not, deserues she not as much as you?

La: I thinke not, if you will looke
With an indifferencie vpon vs both.

El. Lo. Vpon your faces, tis true: but if iudicially we shall cast our eyes vpon your mindes, you are a thousand women of her in worth: She cannot found in iest, nor set her loue tasks, to shew her peeuishnes, and his affliction: nor crosse what he laies, though it be Canonically. She's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I will haue her, and bring me lustie boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, she's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a household to provide for your issue, but lye a bed and get vni? your businesse is to dresse you, and at idle houres to eate; when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can do prettie well in the Pastrie, and knowes how pullen should bee cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a thrid: weaues bone-lace, and quilts bays; And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, does that giue you a licence to forswear your selfe?

El. Lo. For.

The Scornefull Lady.

El, Lo. Forswear me my selfe, how?

La. Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue vttered in disclaiming all for wiues but mee: He not remember you: God giue you loy.

El, Lo. Nay but conceine mee, the intent of oathes is euer vnderstood. Admit I shou'd protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Diuines would neuer hold me perjur'd, if I were stricke blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not finde him: so there were no crosse act of mine owne in't. Can it be imagined I meane to force you to marriage, and so haue you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworne.

El, Lo. Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall vpon mee, as whosoever deales with women shall neuer viterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that haue done mee all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemnd my seruice, and would haue held mee prating about marriage, till I had bene past getting of children: then her that hath forsooke her family, and put her tender body in my hand, vpon my word.

La. Which of vs swore you first to?

El, Lo. Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then.

El, Lo. I prethee doe not vige my sinnes vnto me, Without I could amend vm.

La. Why you may by wedding me.

El, Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction, Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El, Lo. Shall I liue to wrong that tender hearted virgin so? It may not be?

La. Why may it not be?

El, Lo. I sweare I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honestie?

La. What honestie? Tis more preserved this way: Come, by this light seruant thou shalt, lie kisse thee on't.

El, Lo. This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie vnder it.

La. There is no sinne at all, tris but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Helpe

The Scornefull Lady.

Mar. Helpe Sister, this Ladie swounes.

El. Lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet mind: liues not in any woman: I shall doe a most vn godly thing. Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your owne Minister to your owne Chappell, Ile wed you and to bed.

La. A macth deare seruant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not. she would not though for all her iniuries, such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not liue.

Wel. I see you goe, as liely as you thinke to steale away: yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may liue to be an aged paire. All curses on me if I doe not speake what I doe with indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a villaine.

La. Seruant a way.

Mar. Sister, will you marrie that inconstant man? thinke you he will not cast you off to morrow. to wrong a Ladie thus, lookt she like dirt, twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was vnworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, to good for him.
I would not see your wedding for a world.

La. Chuse chuse come *Tonglous.* *Ex. La. El. Lo. & Tong.*

Mar. Drie vp your eies fortooth, you shall not thinke we are vnciuill, all such beasts as reue. Would I knew how to giue you a reuenge

Wel. So would not I: No let me suffer truly, thre I desire.

Mar. Pray walke in with me, Tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I wish I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but liue to quit your loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Tong Louelesse and Samil.

To. Lo. Did your Master send for me Samil?

Sam. Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

To. Lo. Doe you know the businesse?

Sam. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imployed beyond my
honour

The Scornefull Lady.

houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done Sir.

To. Lo. What art thou now then.

Sa. If you consider me in litle, I am with your worships reuerence Sir, a rascall : one that vpon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell swiches ; My wife is learning new Sir to weaue inckle.

To. Lo. What dost thou meane to doe with thy children *Sanitt*

Sa. My eldest boy is halfe a rogue already, he was borne burthen, and your worship knowes, that is a prettie step to mens capassions. My youngest boy I purpose Sir to bind for ten yeeres to a Iaoler, to draw vnder him, that he may shew vs mercy in his function.

To. Lo. Your familie is quartered with discretion : you are resolved to Cant then : where *Sanitt* shall your scean lie.

Sa. Beggars must be no choosers.

In every place (I take it) but the Rocks

To. Lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring *Sanitt*, I told you of it. but your heart was heardned,

Sa. Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, I do remember yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus ; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can carry for no man.

To. Lo. Y^e are growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can cleere your head better then mustard. Ile be a sutor for your keyes againe Sir.

Sa. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir ? I shall be bound.

To. Lo. You shall Sir.

To your bunch againe, or Ile misse souly.

Enter Morecraffe.

Mor. Saue you Gentleman, saue you.

To. Lo. Now Polecat, what yong Rabets nest haue you to draw ?

Mor. Come, prethee bee familiar Knight.

To. Lo. Away Foxe, Ile send for Terrieres for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet : Ile keepe thee companie.

To. Lo. I am about some businesse ; Indentures ; If ye follow me Ile beate you : take heed, As I live Ile canoell your Coxcombe,

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no vsurer :

What.

The Scornefull Lady.

What poore fellow's this?

Sa. I am poore indeed Sir.

Mor. Giue him money Knight.

To. Lo. Doe you begin the offering.

Mor. There poore fellow, her's an angell for thee.

To. Lo. Art thou in earnest *Moorecraft*?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and flangst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchas'd, wrung, & wierdraw'd, for my wealth, lost, & was cozend: for which I make a vowe, to trie all the waies about ground, but Ile find a constant meanes to riches without curses.

To. Lo. I am glad of your conuersion Master *Moorecraft*: Yare in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee company; Here honest fellow, for this Gentlemans sake, theres two angels more for thee.

Sr. God quite you Sir, and keepe you long in this mind.

To. Lo. Wilt thou perseuere

Mor. Till I haue a penny, I haue braue cloathes a making, and two horses; canst thou not helpe me to a match Knight, Ile lay a thousand pound vpon my crop. eare.

To. Lo. Foote, this is stranger then an *Affricke* monster, There will be no more talke of the *Cleane* warres Whilst this lasts, come, Ile purthee into blood.

Sa. Would all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman ioyne with you in the recovery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your worships.

To. Lo. He shall Sir,

Mor. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

To. Lo. Ile be your seruant Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Eld. Lonelesse and Ladie.

El. Lo. Faith my sweete Ladie, I haue caught you now, mauer your subtilties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

La. Prethee sweet heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozened meerely. I haue cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Weisford*.

La. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how she

blushes

The Scornefull Lady.

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell now
ha, ha, ha.

La. Prethee sweet hart be quiet, thou hast angered me at heart.

El. Lo. Ile please you soone a gaine,

La. Wellford,

El. Lo. I Wellford, hee's a yong handsome fellow, well bred and
landed: your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better then
by this time.

La. Vds foot am I sceth over thus?

El. Lo. Yes ifaith.

And over shall be sceth agine. neuer feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:

You have got the Sunne Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should
have hunted three traines more, before you had come to toth
course, you should have hanckt o'th bridle, Sir, ifaith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you vp.

Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Wellford and Martha,

Mar. For Gods sake Sir, be private in this business,
You have vndone me else. O God, what have I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I looke vpon my freinds againe?
With what face.

Wel. Why en'e with that: tis a good one, thou canst not finde
a better: looke vpon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall
finde v'm smooth Gill, faire still sweet still, and to your thinking
honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe
Mistres, and yet they keepe no stire.

Mar. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on:
If you be seene thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. Ile wach you for that Mistres: I am no foole, here will I
tarry till the house be vp and witness with me.

Mar. Good deare freind goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here till they
bee notice taken what I am, and what I have done: if you coul
juggle me into my woman-hood againe, and so cog me out of your
company, all this would be forsworne, and I againe an *asinego*.
Your Sister lest me. No, Ile have it knowne and publisht, then I
you

The scornefull Ladie.

you'le be a whore, forsake me & be asham'd: & when you can hold no longer, marry some cast *Cleue Captaine*, & sell Bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not flay sir, vse me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, He make vp all.

El. Lo. He be: a witnes of your naked trouth Sir: this is the gentlewoman, prethee look vpon him, this is he that made me break my faith sweet: but thanke your Sister, she hath soderd it.

La. What a dull asse was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench: twentie to one, if I had beene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El, Lo. I would haue watcht you sir, by your good patience, for ferriting in my ground.

La. You haue beene with my Sister. *Wel.* Yes to bring.

El, Lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I haue had my part on't: I haue beene chafte this three houres, thats the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blesse the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, Ladie, for mine owne part, I haue found so sweete a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El, Lo. How like you this d.sh. *Welford;* I made a supper on't, and fed so hearrily, I could not sleepe,

La. By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or els the bed-post, for anie wife yee had got this twelue-month yet: I would haue vext you more then a try'd post-horse; and bin longer bearing, & euer after game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were vnmarried again.

El, Lo. Lady I would not vndertake yee, were you againe a *Haggard*, for the best cast of sore Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were euer ticklefooted, and would not trusse round?

Wel. Is she fast?

El, Lo. She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lurre her without feare of loosing: take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceiued I was a man: but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, without the parson oth' towne.

El, Lo. What did ye?

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it I see it by her.

La. Well you may mock vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but scene into you, you should haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, methought it was well,
You are so carious.

*Enter Yong Louesse, his Lady, Morecraft, Swill,
and two Seruingmen.*

El. Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

To. Lo. Good morrow brother and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God saue you and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fic how this shames me.

Mo. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of beere.

Ser. I will Sir.

To. Lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe?
Will shee? is shee not nettle'd still?

El. Lo. No. I haue cur'd her.

M^r Welford, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir I shall long to loue him.

To. Lo. I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister and all's well.

To. Lo. I am glad ont. Now my prettie Lady Sister.
How doe you find my brother?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

To. Lo. I will make the better husband: you haue tried him?

La. Against my will Sir.

To. Lo. Hee'll make your will amends soone, doe not doubt it.
But Sir I must intreat you to be better knowne
To this conuerted Jew here

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:

Pray buy no Land, twill neuer prosper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

To. Lo. Blessie you, and then He tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

To. Lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*:

The scornfull Ladie.

The reason ile informe, you at more leisure.

W^tl. O good Sir let me know him presently.

To, Lo, You shall hug one another.

Mo, Sir I must keepe you companie, *El, Lo,* And reason.

To, Lo Cutting *Moorecraft* faces about, I must present another

Mo, As many as you will Sir, I am for ym.

W^tl, Sir I shall doe you service,

Mo, I shall looke for't in good faith Sir,

El, Lo, Prethee good sweet heart kille him.

La, Who, that fellow?

Sa, Sir will it please you to remember me: my keyes good sir.

To, Lo, He doe it presently.

El, Lo, Come thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

La, Let him come on then; and doe you heare, do not instruct me in these trickes, for you may repent it.

El, Lo, That at my perill, Lusty M^r, *Moorecraft*.

Heere is a Ladie would salute you.

Mo, She shall not loose her longing sir: what is she?

El, Lo, My wife Sir.

Mo, She must be then my Mistres,

La, Must I Sir? *El, Lo,* O yes, you must,

Mo, And you must take this ring, a poore pawne,

Of some fittie pound.

El, Lo, Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull prise,

La, Sir I shall call you seruant,

Mo, I shall be proud on't: what fellowes that?

To, Lo My Ladies Coachman,

Mo, There's something, (my friend) for you to buy whips,

And for you sir, and you sir,

El, Lo, Ynder a miracle this is the strangest,

I euer heard of.

Mo, What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe,

Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds,

W^tl, Stranger and stranger, I

Sir you shall find sport after a day or two,

To, Lo, Sir I haue a sute vnto you

Concerning your old seruant *Saush,*

El, Lo, O, for his keyes, I know it,

Sa, Now Sir, stricke in,

Mo, Sir

The Scornefull Lady.

Mor Sir I must haue you grant me.

El. Lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe:
But harke you *Sauill*, leaue of the morinos,
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe:
He trie you once more.

Se, If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it Sir: I humbly thanke your worships.

El. Lo. Nay then Hee we must keepe holiday, *Enter Roger, & Abigail*,
Heeres the last couple in hell.

Ro, Ioy beamong you all.

Lo, Why now now sir, what is the meanning of this emblem?

Ro, Marriage an't like your worship.

Lo, Are you married?

Ro, As well as the next priest could doe it, Madam.

Eld. Lo. I thinke the signes in *Gaminia*, heer's such coupling,

Wels Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweete
heart to night?

Ro, Not the best benifice in your worships gift Sir.

Wels, A whorson, how he swels.

Ye, Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger*?

Ro, Sir you grow scurtilous:

What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not need your helps,

Ye, Lo. For horse flesh *Roger*.

El. Lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Giuen holy to our mirth.

Lo, It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreate to be at our charge.

El. Lo. *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light,
You shall not lie with her againe, till y'eare married,

Wels, I am gone.

Mor, To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a peece and it shall goe hard,
But every one a lewell: Come be mad boyes,

El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall haue the *Vau*. lead the way:
Would euery dogged wench had such a day, *Exeunt.*

FINIS

